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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( TIME )

( DATE )

( DAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Welcome Back Forest Rangers!"

OFFICIALS: QUARTET: "Forest Song."

ANNOUNCER: Winter and summer, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are on the job managing and protecting our National Forests. The timber, the water, the forests to the ranches, the wildlife, and the scenic and recreational values of these Forests are resources of high public value, and it is the Ranger's job to see that these resources are developed and administered in the public interest - that they will be maintained permanently, and yet contribute continuously to the enjoyment and welfare of the people of this country. That's real conservation. Conservation, as the Rangers say, is "wise use."

Well, now to the Pine Cone Ranger Station - and we find that our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins has just returned from a busy day in the woods, looking after the winter work of the GOC, supervising timber sale operations, and a dozen other jobs -- Here we are --

JIM: Hmm. Feel kinda weary, Boss. I feel kinda like flopping in the old easy chair a spell.

BOSS: Why don't you, Jim. -- Did you have a hard day?

JIM: Well, I had to keep moving pretty much, to get around to all the jobs I wanted to look into. -- Hmm, the old chair feels pretty good -- Any mail come in today, Boss?

BOSS: There was a new price list and order blanks for uniforms, Jim.



JIM: Up, now. That will  
 BESS: Yes -- Jim, don't you think you ought to order a new uniform?  
 JIM: How? -- like got a uniform?  
 BESS: I know, Jim, but it's getting so shabby. You don't go to work  
 any more for dress up -- a uniform -- so you don't have to  
 be wearing the only one you have every day, for all kinds of  
 work.  
 JIM: Yeah, I know I should. I'll order one some day soon.  
 BESS: But you ought to do it right away, Jim. Your old one looks  
 so worn and shabby.  
 JIM: Well, I'll do it right now.

KNOCK ON DOOR

JIM: Some one knocking, Bees.  
 BESS: That must be Mary stopping by. (HAIKING VOICE) Come in, Mary.

DOOR OPENS

MARY: (COMING IN) Hello everybody. I just thought I'd stop in a  
 few minutes.  
 BESS: Come right in, Mary. I'm glad you came by.  
 JIM: Howdy, Miss. How's our little schoolmate?  
 MARY: Just fine, Mr. Robbins.  
 JIM: Nice all behaving?  
 MARY: Of course. They're always good -- Mrs. is, near always.  
 JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nearly always, eh?  
 BESS: I was just telling Jim he ought to order a new uniform. Mary,  
 don't that be fine? Mr. Robbins always looks so nice in  
 his Brownie's uniform.





BESS: Of course, he does. I want him to look nice, and he always waits 'till his old suit is really threadbare before he thinks about getting a new one. If he got a new one now he could sort of save it for dress up and not have to put it right on and wear it every day - couldn't he?

MARY: Of course.

BESS: I think we ought to order it right now. Don't you, Jim?

JIM: (WEARILY) Yeah, I s'pose.

BESS: Here's our order blank, Jim -- let's see. Should it be the 14-ounce material?

JIM: I reckon the 13 ounce is better for this big country.

BESS: All right -- 13 ounce. -- Let's see. You can get the suit with one pair of riding breeches and one pair of trousers --

JIM: Uh huh.

BESS: And a vest.

JIM: I don't need a vest.

BESS: Oh, but you ought to have a vest, Jim. It's regulation -- and besides it looks so much nicer when you want to dress up.

MARY: Of course you ought to have a vest, Mr. Fournier.

JIM: Huh? All right.

BESS: And -- let's see -- we'll order two new shirts, and a tie --

JIM: Hey -- how we gonna pay for all this?

BESS: Oh, we can afford it, kid. We've been putting by a little for this very thing, you know.

JIM: Yeah, I s'pose.

BESS: Well, let's see -- do you want a new hat?

JIM: Oh, the old one's all right, Bees.



HERB: Yes, I guess it is. I'd better check it up. I'll be back soon.  
 JIM: Sure getting complicated -- this uniform business. In the old days we Rangers got along with nothing much but a pair of overalls and a scout.

HERB: Oh, but Jim the new uniforms are so much nicer.

JIM: Yeah, I guess so -- but it isn't necessary only so simple being a well-dressed Forest officer nowadays. (CHUCKLES)

You remember Short Hagg, up on the old Seventeenth Forest?

HERB: Yes, of course.

JIM: Had a letter from our friend Mrs. Barbara Freeman awhile back that called him to mind. Shorty was a ranger, stationed at Red Lodge, Montana, Mary -- and I reckon he wasn't more'n five feet four in the highest heeled riding boots he could find -- and he rode the longest legged horse in the outfit --

HERB: Can you imagine?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Anyway what I started to say was that he'd had a pair of chaps that'd be too long for a six-footer -- then he'd take 'em out to the chopping block and stag 'em -- till they were finally cut down to his size.

HERB: (LAUGHS) I guess that was a lot simpler.

HERB: Well -- now we've got to get Jim's measurements.

JIM: How? I don't know nothing about what size I take.

HERB: Oh, but we can measure you right here, Jim. The order blank tells you how. -- Mary can help me.

MARY: Surely, Mrs. Robbins.



BESS: Let's see, what's my top shoulder? -- Oh, yes, mine are in  
his armpits -- Now -- Look Mary, he went to touch Jim's with  
these pictures first.

MARY: Yes -- Would you say he was Figure 7, "big shoulders", or  
Figure 8, "normal shoulders," -- or Figure 9, "sloping  
shoulders?"

BESS: Stand up, Jim, and let's see.

JIM: Huh? I gotta stand up for this, d -- If

BESS: Yes -- Now, which would you say, Mary?

MARY: He's standing so stiff.

BESS: Yes. It says, "be sure to stand in customary position."  
You're not standing naturally, Jim.

JIM: How's a fellow going to be natural with all this going on?

BESS: Don't stand so stiff, -- there. I guess you'd call him  
Figure 8, wouldn't you, Mary?

MARY: Yes, "normal shoulders."

BESS: All right. -- Now the next -- Figure 1 -- "erect, full chest,  
flat back" -- Figure 2, "Normal, regular chest and back" --

JIM: Say, this is worse than a doctor's examination. Old Jake  
Schwartz, the tailor, never put me through all this  
rigamarole.

BESS: He probably did, Jim, without your knowing it. -- Let's see --  
Figure 3 is "Head forward, flat chest."

JIM: Is that me?

BESS: No, you're Figure 3 -- Now, is he "regular build, regular back  
and chest," or "corpulent, round back, flat chest, protruding  
stomach?"





HERB: Oh look at that! That's her! He's the American soldier who  
is famous!

JIM: I'm looking for him.

HERB: All right. — Now what do we do in this case? — Were you  
looking for him at the time?

JIM: Just what you think.

HERB: Well, I'm glad that's over. You let me off with that.

JIM: Well, you can't sit down yet, Jim.

JIM: How?

HERB: Well, you got to get the measurements. — Stand up now — Let's  
see — First in from collar down to waist — That's the first  
one — now —

JIM: Oh look.

HERB: Now you're standing too stiff again. — Now, don't all slumped  
down, either. Can't you stand naturally?

JIM: How's that?

HERB: That's better. Now from collar down to waist — is that  
right, Jim — there I'm pointing you to the waist?

JIM: Yeah, I guess so.

HERB: Stand still, Jim — please.

JIM: I'm standing still.

HERB: All right. It's 48 inches —

JIM: How?

HERB: Oh no — I've got the wrong side of the tape — Here, this is right, isn't it Mary?





MARY: Yes. I'll write it down, Mrs. Robbins — Now, the one is the measurement around the waist.

ESSIE: All right — Stand still, now, Jim — There, that's right — Isn't it — 35?

JIM: Say, you were that long measure of your dress's skirt, or stretched or something? Either one's OK with the steel tape, hadn't we?

ESSIE: Oh no, it's almost brand new.

MARY: Shouldn't you pull in a little tighter, Mrs. Robbins?

ESSIE: Maybe I should. — There — 34.

JIM: You said this is going to be all right, Essie?

ESSIE: Of course. See, the tailor was wrong just now to do it, wasn't he or she.

JIM: Doesn't look very plain to me.

MARY: It isn't as complicated as it looks, Mr. Robbins. See, you just measure where the dotted lines are.

JIM: There are no dotted lines?

MARY: I mean on the chart.

ESSIE: Yes — like this, Jim — see? Sleeve measurement, from elbow to wrist. That measurement — that's the best one, isn't it?

MARY: Yes.

ESSIE: Don't get down yet, Jim — Now, when you stand so we can get the chest measurement — No, now you sit down now again — there.

JIM: How much more of this is there?

ESSIE: ONLY a little bit. -- Don't hold your breath so, Jim.



JIM: I'm not holding my breath

BESS: You've standing here ever? -- Stand more relaxed --  
There -- now what is it, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHING) Not a minute!

BESS: What's the matter?

JIM: You're tickling!

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh, this is funny!

BESS: Oh, Jim, you moved. Now I'll have to do it all over again.

INTERVAL - MUSIC

BESS: Mr. I thought we never would get Jim to stand still long  
enough to get all those measurements.

MARY: He was restless as a young colt, wasn't he?

BESS: Yes. By the way, what's become of him? I wonder where he  
went.

MARY: I saw him take up his hat and go out, right after we finished  
measuring for his uniform.

BESS: Did he say where he was going?

MARY: No. It must have been about half an hour ago.

BESS: I wish he'd hurry back. He'll delay supper again -- There  
is that order blank, by the way? We ought to get it ready  
so well.

MARY: I think Mr. Robbins must have taken it with him. I haven't  
seen it since he left.

DOOR OPENS

JIM: (COMING IN) Well - well - she's getting pretty soapy outside



BESS: Where have you been, Jim?

JIM: Me? Oh, I went down and mailed that order for a new uniform.

BESS: Did you?

JIM: Yep. I figured if I was going to have a new uniform, the sooner we got it the better.

BESS: It took you an awful long time to mail it.

JIM: Well, I had to stop in so close on the way, and --

BESS: Where, Jim?

JIM: Well -- at Jake Schnitz's, and --

BESS: Jake Schnitz, the tailor? Jim Robbins, I know just what you did. You went down and had the tailor measure you all over again for that uniform. You didn't trust us.

JIM: Oh, no, Bees -- that's, it wasn't that -- I just happened to stop in there -- and Jake didn't have anything to do, or nobody to practice on, so to speak -- and I thought it wouldn't do any harm to kind of check up, and --

BESS: Why, Jim, we never mistrusted my judgment before --

WADSWORTH: Well, anyway, we're glad you're going to have a new uniform Mr. Robbins. Aren't we?

BESS: Yes indeed. And if it doesn't fit. Jim, don't blame us.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I won't.

FADER OUT MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: Well, I guess our old friend Jim Robbins will soon be proudly wearing that good old pine tree lodge as a brand new uniform. -- We'll be seeing you again with the rangers -- and this program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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